

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

NO. 31.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

VOL. II.

THE
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Original Poetry.

"AN OPEN VISION."

Angels still are on the earth—
I have seen them, felt their breath
In the chill simooming death,
In the atmosphere of death.
Angels! You, who hover'd round
When affliction laid me low,
Placing me on holy ground,
Making heaven where they go!
Angels! they have brought to me
All that I had strength to bear—
Through the gloom they made me see
Vision glorious, bright and fair.
Angels! I know you are in the name,
On my track they've ever been;
If you leave, another comes,
Faithful through life's changing scene.
Guardian spirit! Angel mine!
Pleasant star that guides my soul,
Watch my steps through coming time,
Care of me thy sweet control.
Radiant spirit! Shining light
On my pathway, dress and tone,
Leave me never, day or night,
Till I reach my Father's home!

G. S. L. City, April, 1861.

Original Contribution.

GENIUS, ART AND NATURE.

"Good actions crown themselves with bays;
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise."

How poorly are the efforts of struggling genius appreciated. It has been said that, "No man is truly known until dead." While living, he is before all men; they can investigate his life and conduct, yet the most knowing fail in their knowledge. When dead, he no longer stands in their path as a rival, and they can afford, without injury to themselves, to bestow the praise rightfully his due.

None know the heart-burnings, the sorrows, and the difficulties which beset a man of genius struggling with poverty. No sinner does he have to labor for bread than all the evil venom of his contemporaries centers upon him, and he is the victim of their vindictiveness. To arrive at anything like truth, man must place himself in the situation they occupied. It will not do to impart the hue of our own nature, and use it as the standard by which to judge their actions.

The millionaire, who speaks of poverty, knows not what it is. He may string high-sounding words together, but it is sound without the reality. He does not know what it is to be poor; he cannot describe the feelings called up by his biting hand. In truth, it is an ideal creation of his own brain, without the reality and force of feeling engendered by adversity.

Art may paint a scene truly noble and sublime, but it has not the simple pathos of nature. Art speaks from the head, nature from the heart. Art appeals to the floating, superficial feelings which crowd man's brain; but nature speaks from the inmost recesses of the soul. Art introduces a superfluity of words and phrases, high-sounding in their nature, which serve but to perplex. Nature speaks natural sentiments, in a natural and unaffected manner. It appeals directly to the soul, and needs no exterior decorations to gain attention.

How forbids the answer of Macduff to the messenger who brought him word of the murder of his children, by the sanguinary tyrant, Macbeth: "he has no children." It is agonized nature finding release in words. What volumes do not these simple words contain! They are the spontaneous utterance of a soul tried almost to bursting. It is the father in all the pathos of nature, and every effort to improve upon it is failure. It is inimitable, and not to be equalled.

A man of genius, if he does not create, at least has the honor of being original; though not in the strict sense of the word, for God, we are told, understands all things; therefore, whatever man discovers, he comprehends, and did comprehend for ages before. By art man may acquire knowledge and learning, but if he is without genius he will follow in the beaten track, pursued by thousands before him. Genius is desirous of carrying out a path of his own, untrod before, and upon which it can bestow its hidden powers. It claims to be chained, and its fires left to smolder in obscurity and neglect; and

the moment the opportunity is presented, bidding adieu to commonplace, springs into the sphere best adapted for the expansion of its powers and capabilities.

Art may smother the rough exterior, and polish the manners, but can never place within the soul the love of truth, nature, and sublimity. They are natural, and all attempts to acquire them, and in affectation and pretense. It is a well known fact that there are some natures which cannot comprehend the beautiful, either in nature or art. They have not the faculties to appreciate beauty, and something which will appeal more directly to their sensual feelings claim all their attention. They are human machines, capable of no impulse but necessity. They have no motive power of their own, and are driven about the sport of circumstances.

Art, it is true, may in many instances supersede nature, and form man's character in strict accordance with its rules. It is a perversion of nature. It makes man a being without soul. It takes away the sensibilities of his nature and hardens him to stone. It is his pride to appear without sensibility, a walking statue; the emotions of his heart are denied an exit, and he becomes a mere machine—the sport of custom and fashion.

In pretending refinement, he banishes it. His heart is no longer susceptible of generous emotions, and really noble sentiments are repressed. That which would prove his most noble work, his greatest achievement, is left undone to follow an idle chimera; which, even if successful, could be of no benefit either to himself or others. Years are spent in this manner, and to no purpose.

If human beings would follow the dictates of nature before that nature is perverted, by contact with evil, man would have less to sorrow for, and live a superior sphere of usefulness. Education is defective. It does not so much teach man his moral duties as it stores his head with learned and useless lumber. In a manner prepares him to take advantage of circumstances, and acquire wealth and power, without sufficiently teaching him his duties towards others in the same brotherhood.

I do not condemn education, for we all know that it is indispensable. But in giving this education, it is necessary to have a good object in view. To educate the rising generation, simply for the purpose of facilitating their success in this life, is not all that is necessary. There are duties they owe to society and to themselves; and, above all, there are duties they owe their Creator. To be properly educated they should be taught the relative position in which they stand to God and man. The duties expected of them should be explained, not only those which custom grants to others, but those, likewise, which brotherhood dispense to brother, and which they might desire, were they in adversity.

Were all mankind taught these principles, and did they practice them in every-day life, they would be following nature, which of itself is pure and undisturbed. Art, in a manner, is the inventor of evil; it is a variation from nature; an imitation which becomes the more vile and reprehensible the further it is removed from its parent source. It is no art to be good; it is only the affectation of goodness which can be called by that title. Real virtue has no need of parade; and when shown to carry favor, is no longer a virtue, but a vice.

Pretence is always loud and boisterous in its claims, forcing itself upon the notice of others; while virtue, content with its own approval, cares not for the adulation of the multitude. Content with obscurity, it seeks but to extend its blessings on every hand. The misanthrope, unlike the man of virtue, views mankind through an inverted medium, imparting to them the complexion of his own distorted soul, and hating them for their injustice and folly. Virtue looks upon them with an eye of compassion, seeking for opportunity to bestow relief; leading the erring to a knowledge of his own superlative treasures. Though persecuted, it bears misfortune with patience, and endeavors, from adverse circumstances, to distill good.

The heartless cynic, who laughs at the follies of man and derides the miseries of his species, is a disappointed, egotistical being, whose soul is centered in himself. He can have no joy. Were all mankind the very essence of perfection they would still be unhappy. Envy would usurp the place of contentment, and they would be as far from appreciation as before.

Genius may be styled an organization more susceptible of improvement, and capable of greater extension than is attained but by a select few. Favored with superior light, it serves as a guide to the rest, and, as a master, leads them in the pursuit of truth. Though possessed of power to comprehend the most profound and abstruse subjects, it disdains not to descend to the capabilities of mankind, and teach them the least of correct principles. Profundity is not genius. A man may be a profound scholar and be possessed of not one particle of originality or genius. He may give us learned dissertations upon the different branches of art and science, and claim as little share of genius as the parrot which learns by rote the use of certain words.

Selections.

WHAT IS FOOD FOR THE BODY?

It is not simply the satisfaction of an instinct of hunger. It is not merely, either, the pleasure which we derive from the

taste and flavor of food. It is, besides, the comprehensive preparation of the body for all its actions and duties. Food is the source of repair and supply to every atom of the body. Bread and meat have hidden in them those chemical elements out of which that wonderful thing, the human body, may select its materials for bones, for muscles, for nerves, for hair and skin, and for vital force to use them all. The mouth, then, is a kind of port of entry into which sail small craft, loaded with building materials, as into New York come craft with brick, and stone, and lumber, and metals, and lime, and clay, from every-where, to be used in building up the great city. The mouth is the port of entry through which the body receives materials for building and repair. It is not, then, simply meat that you eat. It is eating meat you are eating hidden strength. Out of that impasted pulp comes the long silken hair, woven in locks more curious than any art ever knew. Out of it comes the fire of the eye, and the strength of the hand. You are eating sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. You are eating running, jumping, pulling, digging, and throwing. The soldiers eat the blows that their food is going to enable them to strike. The slave's food strengthens the hand to work. The painter's food turns to pencil strokes, and works out of his hand in color and form. The musician's food comes forth in sweet sounds, melodious and harmonious. The scholar eats learning; his food feeds his brain, and his brain makes his book.

And so elementary food, digested, assimilated, gives its constituent elements to human organization, and, in this higher form, performs the noblest functions of human life. —Henry Ward Beecher.

A TOOL HOUSE WANTED.

"Where's that log chain?" asked Joe Tubbs of his boy Bill, as they were getting the team ready to draw a load of wood.

"I say, Bill, you swallowed that chain? Never can find anything when you want it. Why didn't you put it up in its place?"

Bill looked astonished, as if he had not heard the same thing about some misplaced tool, every week of his life, and said very meekly: "I didn't know it had any place in particular, thought I left it on the cart, where you generally leave it."

The fact is, Tubbs was a sloven, and never could lay his hand on any thing he wanted; and he added to this sin, a cross-grained, fretful temper, that worried every body with whom he came in contact. The plows were as often left in the furrow as elsewhere, and lay out over winter; the cart and wagon stood under the old apple tree, by the road side; the chains, yokes, and nose baskets, sometimes brought up in the stable, sometimes under the shed, again in the corn crib, but oftener were left with the cart; the shovels, spades, rakes, forks, axes, and other tools, were scattered about the premises, generally left where they were last used.

So there was a hunt of an hour, that morning, in all possible places, for the log chain, but it didn't turn up. The oxen stood chewing their cud, philosophically waiting, as if they were used to such delays. It was entertaining to an outsider to see Tubbs shining it, from the barn to the shed, from the shed to the corn crib, from the crib to the cart, and from the cart to the wood pile, scolding as he went, and blaming everybody but himself for the loss of his chain.

"Look here, Bill, run over to neighbor Jewett's and ask him to lend us a chain; must have something to bind the load."

So Bill went to the neighbor's, a half mile off, to borrow. When he had made known his errand, Mr. Jewett replied: "It is rather doubtful whether you can find such an article in these parts," with a draw upon the rather, and a wicked wink in his eye, that pointed toward the slovenly habits of Joe Tubbs.

However, he went out to the barn, where he shoved a door that ran back up on little wheels, and introduced Bill to a good sized room, where there was nothing else but tools. There were the crow-bars, three of them of different sizes in one corner, the plows all cleaned, the hoes and shovels hung up on the sides; the rakes, overhead, the harness on wooden pegs, and the chains hanging on cleats; and everything in its place, so that the owner could lay his hand on it in the night, if it were necessary.

The younger Tubbs got the chain, and a new idea of order at the same time. It broke in upon his mind with great clearness, that it was not necessary to spend hours every week in looking up lost tools, or in borrowing from a neighbor. Tubbs, senior, may never build a tool house, but he will learn wisdom in his present school of affliction, and when he takes the farm, will have a place for everything, and everything in its place. —American Agriculturist.

ever and it is a notable fact, that the toleration of Christianity is freely granted, equally and alike to both the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries.

Two important inferences may be plainly drawn from this document; one regarding the policy, and the other touching the theology of the insurgents.

THE TRUST FUND ROBBERY.

WILLIAM R. RUSSELL'S DEFENSE.

Mr. RUSSELL, of trust fund memory, has published a defense of his conduct in reply to the report of the special committee of the House of Representatives, which he asserts to be full of mis-statements and false deductions, and altogether unfair and partial.

He claims to have issued acceptances, in good faith, which were largely neglected; but the firm were heavy losers upon their transportation contracts, and were unable to meet their engagements. Of the subsequent transactions he gives the following account:

When I was thus surrounded by embarrassments, and whilst I was at Washington using every exertion in my power to get the claims of our firm against the government allowed and paid, I was introduced to Godard Bailey, who, as I have since learned, was a disbarred officer in the service of the government. Before meeting with him and forming his acquaintance, I had learned that he was an able and influential lawyer, who would be able to assist me in my business with the War department. All the circumstances attending the formation of his acquaintance—his inquiries respecting the acceptances of the War department, and the probable effect upon the Secretary of War of their being disallowed—were set forth at length in my published statement, made to the select committee of the House of Representatives, and I need not now repeat them.

It is sufficient to say that he informed me that he had some state stocks at his command, which I might use for purposes of hypothecation, if I could return them in sixty days. I told him that I had no doubt of my ability to return them in that time. The loan was accordingly effected, and I proceeded on the evening of the same day to New York, with the state stocks, and used them in the manner and for purposes already indicated. When I obtained them and pledged them for money, with which to protect the maturing acceptances of the War department, I was wholly ignorant of their true character. This statement I made to the select committee under the solemnities of a judicial oath. I was not aware, at that time, nor for two or three months thereafter, that there was an Indian trust bond in existence. It was only upon stocks declined, and the parties with whom I had made the hypothecation, notified me that they must sell them or have an additional deposit to make good the margin, that I learned their true character. I returned to Washington, and sent Mr. Bailey, with the view of informing him that I would not be able to return the state stocks which I had borrowed from him, in the time stipulated in our agreement.

In the interview which I then had with him, I told him of the demand that had been made upon me by the parties who held them to increase the deposit, and of the notice of their determination to sell them unless some additional deposit was made. He then told me, for the first time, that they belonged to the Indian Trust Fund. This disclosure completely overwhelmed me. It added contempt to embarrassment. I saw instantly and with intense reality how difficult it would be to extricate myself from my unfortunate dilemma. I had no means at my command with which to redeem the hypothecated bonds, and as they were likely to be sold, I feared that I might not be able ever to recover them. The government owed our firm, as will be seen from this paper, for losses and freights in 1857, exclusive of interest, \$955,550. From motives of policy, only a portion of this claim has been presented for adjustment to the Department and Congress. I knew the great difficulty of securing payment for so large an amount, and so presented as to procure an indorsement of the principle involved, and in the hope, afterwards, of obtaining the entire amount. The department was in possession of all the facts, and, as far as I was able to judge, had taken no exception to the claim itself without pretending "to understand fully the justice of each particular item thereof." The late Secretary of War, say his published statement, that we were entitled to "more than half a million of dollars."

When I discovered that the bonds I had borrowed and hypothecated belonged to the Indian Trust Fund, I would have freely given the whole of this large claim, and everything I was worth besides, to have been able at that moment to restore them. Other acceptances of the War Department were then maturing and likely to go to protest. This I knew would so impair the credit of our firm as to render the sale of the bonds certain, and their recovery impossible. I had no time to devote to calm reflection. A week or ten days might have enabled me to mature some plan by which to recover and restore them, but in the meantime they were likely to be sold. Then, and in that event, I knew that the government acceptances which had been issued to our firm, under circumstances that placed me under the highest possible obligation to protect them, must inevitably go to protest.

In the stress of my difficulties, I was in no condition, and as I have said before, I had no time to weigh the responsibility, on the one hand, of wrecking our firm, and discarding the war department, and, on the other, of protecting the bonds to the detriment of my credit, against that on the

other hand of accepting more bonds with which to protect those that I had already used, until Congress should authorize the department to pay as our dues. I determined upon the latter alternative. This decision involved the necessity of using a sufficient amount of bonds to protect from protest the other maturing acceptances of the War department; for it was perfectly obvious that a protest would put it wholly and permanently out of my power to return either the first or second lot of bonds.

Accordingly, I accepted an additional lot, and used them, partly to protect those already hypothecated, but chiefly to raise money upon which to pay off the other acceptances then maturing.

It is proper to remark in this connection, that in receiving the second lot of bonds, I gave in exchange therefor the receipts of our firm, in my own handwriting, to be deposited in the Interior department as the evidence that I had received them. The money due our firm was very largely in excess of the bonds, and as I left in the department the evidence that I had received them, there could have been no incursion on my part to defraud the government, nor is it possible that the government can lose one dollar on account of this transaction.

Shortly after I obtained the second lot of bonds, the monetary crisis, occasioned by the agitation of the country, came on. Financial embarrassments began to be felt all over the country. Stocks of all kinds commenced running down with a rapidity that filled me with the greatest possible alarm. My fear was that the bonds I had hypothecated would go down to a very low figure, and be sold at such a sacrifice as would still further embarrass me. I say, in a word, that I was in imminent peril.

I had received the second lot of bonds the better to enable me to recover the first, and with a knowledge of their true character. I did this under the force of circumstances which I was utterly unable to control. I did it, as I have most solemnly aver, with as pure a motive as ever moved an honorable man. But now, I saw that I was in danger of losing these bonds, and those also that I had previously pledged. The thought shot through my mind like a flame. My misfortune assumed an altitude and expansion that shut out all hope for the future. I would have given the world if I had never been engaged in the service of the government, by whose direct agency, in withholding our dues, my embarrassments were first brought upon me.

As a last hope I determined to throw all the bonds upon the market, and even to obtain and sell others, with the view of providing the means wherewith, in connection with other resources, to repurchase the whole, when they reached their lowest market price. But in this attempt I was suddenly cut short by the public auction of Godard Bailey.

The course pursued toward me by the government, when the facts that I have now detailed became publicly known, is already understood. I was immediately arrested, and held to bail in a sum exceeding anything ever before known in the annals of judicial proceeding in any country in the world. My friends in the West came promptly forward and proffered security to the amount of millions; and, although I was in the midst of strangers, nearly two thousand miles from home, this proffered assistance was rejected, and resident security was demanded to three-fifths of the whole amount. This, of course, I was unable to give, in default of which I was remanded to prison, where I remained until public sentiment forced the Administration to reduce my bond to a more reasonable limit.

The account of my firm with the government stands in fact thus:

For freights withheld in 1857.	\$955,550
For interest three years, at 12 per cent., actually paid by us.	250,908
For losses in 1857, of freights.	200,000
For interest on same three years.	1,800,000
For freights withheld by government for 1860 and 1861.	50,000
Total.	\$1,249,548

—New York World, March 30.

he has not decided about Fort Sumter. The following persons attached to that paper have been appointed this far:—Wm. H. Fry, editor, Secretary of Legation to Sardina; Richard Hildreth, editor, Consul to Tripoli; James S. Pike, ("J. S. P."), correspondent from Washington, Minister Resident to the Hague; James E. Harvey, Washington reporter, Minister Resident to Portugal. These appointments, except the last, were Mr. Lincoln's, regardless of Mr. Seward, who bears the Tribune no love.

TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS.—A tunnel, to be seven and a half miles long, is now in course of construction through Mount Cenis, to connect Piedmont with Italy, and open an European highway through the Alps. The boring machines are worked by compressed air, supplied by hydraulic compressors, outside the tunnel, and penetrate one foot and one-third in five minutes. These machines not only supply power for the work of excavation, but also in exclusive currents of fresh air to counteract the noxious vapors which would otherwise poison the laborers. The work goes on at both ends of the mountain, and the only difficulty apprehended is, lest the numerous lakes on the Alpine passes may be interfered with, and the excavations hindered by the ingress of water.

ANOTHER WAR APPLIANCE.—A new vehicle has been recently built in London. Its length is 27 feet, beam, 40 feet, with a pair of engines of 255 horse power. The hull is only three feet above the water, but the "deck house" rises two stories high from bow to stern, and is supplied with warm air, as may be desired, by a series of coils driven by steam. These deck-houses, which are covered with awnings on tight iron frame work, give comfortable accommodations to eight hundred men. The ship draws only two feet of water, so as to be able to pass with safety over the shoals common to inland rivers. She is provided with two pairs of rollers at each end, all controlled by a capstan on the fore of the deck-houses, and notwithstanding her great length, the big vessel is brought round very quickly in a small circle.

A BRAVE BOY.—The war cry of the Apache Indians woke the only family living at Gila Bend, New Mexico, one night last month. An old American, two sons, the oldest now fifteen, and a servant, were all the force to repel 100 savages. The family armed to the teeth, but the first shot, fired by the oldest boy, killed the chief, and the rest instantly fled. The heroic lad preserved the trappings of the "heave" as spoils of war.

The Springfield (Ill.) Journal has written the following from a person in Louisiana:—"SPRINGFIELD JOURNAL.—Allow me to disclaim to say your editorials are particularly noticed South. Your talk is just the thing we like to hear. Give us hell, we like to hear it. We defy the government and all such hell fellows as your paper and followers to alter our purposes. We are all right here; our course is marked out—change as you can. But don't forget the Rem. endorsed.—A. S. B. 1861."

OFFICE HUNTERS.—Fifteen thousand applications for post office appointments have been already filed in the Post Office Department.

FAILURES AND SUBVERSIVES.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin's list of business changes (March 23) gives twenty-one failures in New York, five in Philadelphia, two in Boston, and twenty-one in other places—a total of forty-nine for the week.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—The one thousand and first discovery of perpetual motion has just been made this time by Robert Hittchcock, of Watertown, Connecticut, who has invented a clock that never requires winding up by hand, and will keep running until it is worn out, it is believed. After being put up, it requires no further attention. It also acts as a ventilator. The invention is designed especially for town clocks and large office-clocks, to any of which it can be applied. Mr. Hittchcock has received a patent.

A PENNSYLVANIA IDEA ABOUT THE OIL WELLS.—A Pennsylvania preacher has increased the long catalogue of the plus of mankind by declaring the wickedness of extracting oil from the earth by means of oil wells. His idea is that they were intended to be used for a certain sacred purpose, to interfere with which would be sacrilege.

LOST THE COIN.—Governmental and political circles at Washington, have been commiserating with great earnestness, on the reception of telegraphic advices that England and France are fitting out squadrons to visit the American waters and especially the Gulf of Mexico. This statement is not believed by many, though it is creating a feverish excitement wherever reported.

MARK IS WEALTHY.—The Floyd Cavalry, Home, Georgia, numbering fifty men, represent taxable property to the amount of \$700,000—or an average of \$14,000 apiece. Hon. John W. H. Underwood, ex-M. C., and Hon. T. W. Ward, Mayor of Rome, are privates in this company.

PROMISED REVELATIONS.—The New York Herald's Washington correspondent says that Wm. H. Russell, who was recently charged with an improper connection with the Indian Trust Bonds, and the acceptance of the late Secretary of War, is about to publish a full statement of his past transactions with the Government, covering the last five years. He will undertake to show that the Government is indebted to him for non-payment of freight and the sacrifice of property in the expedition against the Mexicans in 1857, to the enormous amount of a million of dollars. Mr. Russell's defense will, it is said, exhibit the wonderful extent of our interior transportation in connection with the army, and show the origin of the acceptances and the hypothecation of the Trust Bonds to have grown out of the embarrassments produced by the failure of the treasury to pay its just debts to its contractors.

TELEGRAPHIC UNION.—Preparations are now in progress for establishing a new line of electric telegraph between Paris and London by Dieppe and Newhaven. Their wires from Paris will meet, one from Havre at Malanay, and the first will cross the Channel from Dieppe to Newhaven. When this line is completed, France will be connected with England by twelve wires—four from Calais to Dover, four from Boulogne to Folkestone, and four from Dieppe to Newhaven. These last are especially intended to connect Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles directly with London.

THE TRUST FUND OFFICE VACATED.—The Herald's Washington correspondent says: It is evident that Mr. Lincoln has determined upon an evacuation of the New York Tribune office, if

he has not decided about Fort Sumter. The following persons attached to that paper have been appointed this far:—Wm. H. Fry, editor, Secretary of Legation to Sardina; Richard Hildreth, editor, Consul to Tripoli; James S. Pike, ("J. S. P."), correspondent from Washington, Minister Resident to the Hague; James E. Harvey, Washington reporter, Minister Resident to Portugal. These appointments, except the last, were Mr. Lincoln's, regardless of Mr. Seward, who bears the Tribune no love.

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LOST THE COIN.—Governmental and political circles at Washington, have been commiserating with great earnestness, on the reception of telegraphic advices that England and France are fitting out squadrons to visit the American waters and especially the Gulf of Mexico. This statement is not believed by many, though it is creating a feverish excitement wherever reported.

MARK IS WEALTHY.—The Floyd Cavalry, Home, Georgia, numbering fifty men, represent taxable property to the amount of \$700,000—or an average of \$14,000 apiece. Hon. John W. H. Underwood, ex-M. C., and Hon. T. W. Ward, Mayor of Rome, are privates in this company.

PROMISED REVELATIONS.—The New York Herald's Washington correspondent says that Wm. H. Russell, who was recently charged with an improper connection with the Indian Trust Bonds, and the acceptance of the late Secretary of War, is about to publish a full statement of his past transactions with the Government, covering the last five years. He will undertake to show that the Government is indebted to him for non-payment of freight and the sacrifice of property in the expedition against the Mexicans in 1857, to the enormous amount of a million of dollars. Mr. Russell's defense will, it is said, exhibit the wonderful extent of our interior transportation in connection with the army, and show the origin of the acceptances and the hypothecation of the Trust Bonds to have grown out of the embarrassments produced by the failure of the treasury to pay its just debts to its contractors.

TELEGRAPHIC UNION.—Preparations are now in progress for establishing a new line of electric telegraph between Paris and London by Dieppe and Newhaven. Their wires from Paris will meet, one from Havre at Malanay, and the first will cross the Channel from Dieppe to Newhaven. When this line is completed, France will be connected with England by twelve wires—four from Calais to Dover, four from Boulogne to Folkestone, and four from Dieppe to Newhaven. These last are especially intended to connect Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles directly with London.

THE TRUST FUND OFFICE VACATED.—The Herald's Washington correspondent says: It is evident that Mr. Lincoln has determined upon an evacuation of the New York Tribune office, if